/143 cont./

411 All the weapons are both tools for warfare and for hunting,
[526] and in a sense they are also used for sport since contests are fought with them. [Fig. 6 appears here.]

Fig. 6. Lance Points. One-half natural size [as shown in original text].

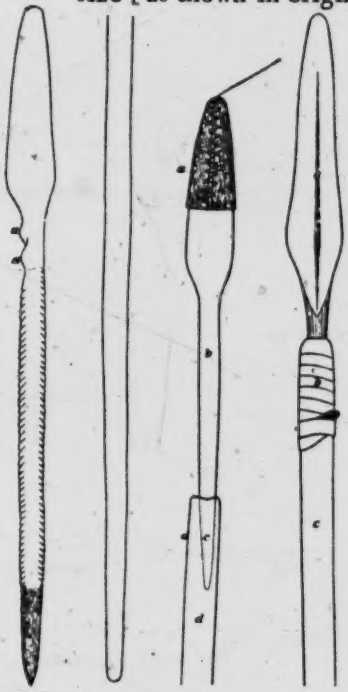

Fig. 6a Fig. 6b Fig. 6c Fig. 6d

[831] Fig. 6a. Iron point: a a, barbs. This is a "male" point; the barbs are the "testicles." The other lance points are "women," because they have no testicles (that is, barbs).

Fig. 6b. Lower end of a lance shaft, showing the tapering of a shaft at the lower end.

Fig. 6c. Iron point attached to the shaft: a, cover of sewed leather; b, iron part; c, iron part that is inserted in the shaft; d, wooden shaft.

Fig. 6d. Upper end of a spear: a, iron point; b, wrapping at

/150 cont./

525 are placed between the players and taken by the winner, but since the luck often changes during a match, the same prize passes back and forth frequently.

I have seen this game played only by two men (not by women and children). One finds especially passionate players
524 among the Auin, in particular among older men.
535 Dancing game of the women (goei) (see Photos. 36 and 37).

I am in doubt as to whether I should classify this under games or dances.

A number of women line up along a tree trunk lying on the ground. All of them in rhythm alternately place the front part of first the right and then the left foot on the trunk. It proceeds in this fashion, slowly at first, then ever faster. If the women have their backs turned to the tree trunk, they place their heels on it in the same fashion.

Sometimes also two rows of women will face each other.
[533] Frequently, a kind of rhythmical singsong is also uttered by them.

The game is begun with everyone calling out //ai, meaning something like "let's go."

In some dances bucks' horns are tied in front of the forehead (eland bull dance). One can hardly designate these as true masked dances, however.

The Auin are acquainted with stilts, which are used by men
481 and boys. I might mention that I did not see any, but when I described them the Auin seemed to be very familiar with them.

● 526 Foot races (gâ).

The runners line up in a row, and at the word "gâ" they all run. The winner obtains a prize of food or of some useful object (for example, a knife).

Older people act as judges. Bloody quarrels are said to occur
[578] when the prizes are awarded.

Stick throwing (gai or albi).

Thin sticks of any length up to two meters and taken from the rosinkis bush are thrown forward with a whistling swing and from a running start (they are not flung like a spear, but grasped at one end). The object is to throw as far as possible. No prizes are offered; hence it is a real sport. Since it is fairly strenuous, this game, like all the others, incidentally, is played only when

/150 cont./

526 there is a good supply of food, in other words, only during the crop season (rainy season). Sometimes, also, a heap of sand about one and a half meters high is piled up and one must throw over it.

The game is played for hours by boys and men with great shouts of joy.

[171] [177] This sport is likewise practiced by the Kaffir and Herero. The Auin state that it is not an original Bushman game.

Wrestling (see Photo. 34). This seems to have a somewhat more serious character, since the victor deals severely with the loser and has nothing to do with him for a long time. Nonetheless, the Bushmen designate it as a game.

Shooting with bow and arrow (unpoisoned arrow tip toward the front). The target is a tschama or any other soft object, in order to spare the arrow. One by one, the competitors shoot from the same place. The winner receives a prize (food, a knife, or the like).

Spear throwing. The target (tschama) is placed on a stick planted in the ground.

At a distance of 20 meters, only one throw out of 30, performed by six men, hit the target.

The target was an insert from a flour box.

Prizes are offered.

Riding (see Photo. 35). Two men form a "horse," the third "rides." (Gabi, "to ride.")

[i.e., of stick throwing.-Analyst]

L. Music

534 Musical bows of various sizes made of "rosinkis wood" with animal tendons. The striker is made of any kind of wood.

I have a suspicion that the two Auin in Photograph 38 cheated a bit, because one of them has a shooting bow while the other has taken up any old stick. It is likely that just at that moment they had no proper musical bow at hand. At the same time, of course, it is true that one can make "music" on any strung bow. This music, by the way, is clearly audible to other people, not only to the player.

533 /151/ There are no special musicians. On the other hand, one does find certain individuals who clearly take more joy in

2: Kaufmann--71 G-5 (1908) 1910 FX10 Bushmen FX10
411
Auen

Photo. 30.

Photo. 32.
Ways of Shooting Bows and Arrows.

●526

Photo. 34.
Wrestling.

2:Kaufmann--72 G-5 (1908) 1910 FX10 Bushmen FX10

●526

Auen

Photo. 35.
Riding.

524
535

Photo. 37.
Dancing Game of the Women.

534
535

Photo. 39.
Dance
Rattles.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

like sweat to all the body. He did not understand what the lungs did, or that air went into them, or that air went through the trachea. Breathing, said Ukwane, is air going down into the stomach, where it makes belches. Ukwane did not know about the circulation of the blood, believing that blood ebbs and flows, nor did he recognize pulses in the body except the pulse at the V of the throat, noticeable in people who wear little clothing, which is known as "the place of the heart."

The cold night had come, and Ukwane in the frosty grass was shivering, yet he sat for an hour keeping his patience, putting his hands into the cold blood of the springbok to trace veins to their source, prefacing all his answers with positive, qualifying remarks. "I am an old man," he would say, "and I know that the diaphragm separates the heart and lungs from the stomach," or "I am Ukwane, and I know that when the heart is gone the animal cannot live, or a person either, because the heart is that animal's life."

As the dissection and the conversation went on, the three young boys, joined occasionally by Nhwakwe, the baby, played games all the time, creeping in between the adults to warm themselves by the fire and by the heat of bodies when they could stand the cold no longer. If you wear no clothing your skin is sensitive to very slight changes of temperature, and even the warmth of someone sitting beside you or the heat radiated by a few coals makes a lot of difference. When the young boys were thawed they would again leap into the darkness to play some more. They played a game of horse and rider, in which one boy would leap astride another boy and ride without holding on while the other boy would stagger forward as fast as he could. In a moment, both would fall, jump up again, hitch up their loincloths, and resume the game, only this time the horse would jump on the back of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

the rider. Sometimes two boys would make the horse, one boy 857
holding the wrists of another boy in front of him while a 526
third boy would ride, and these horses, reinforced, were much more successful, traveling farther at faster speeds. Now and then, as we talked by the fire, one of these little phantom creatures would rush silently by us in the dark, its dark rider in silhouette against the sky.

As we talked, we heard music, very sweet, sad music, as 533
though a music box were playing, coming to us from a little distance away. It was Gai's older son, the boy who had come back with us, playing the te k'na to himself. Thus we discovered that Gai had not fared as badly as it had seemed he did in his meeting with the strange Bushmen, for the te k'na had belonged to the man who had laughed at him. All the Bushmen at the fire, who loved music, stopped their talk to listen, and even the young boys were charmed from their game, for they moved silently toward him and crouched in the cold grass to listen, too. Soon they stood up to dance, a usual Bushman dance of men, taking small, pounding steps, [535]
moving in a circle. They danced very well, with freedom and with great precision, but they were too excited to dance for 857
long and instead began to play a dancing game called "Os- 526
trich," performed by two boys dancing forward to face each 535
other. As one either crouches or bends double from the hips, the other, who in the game is called the ostrich, swings his leg over the first boy's back without missing a beat in the rhythm. The boy who bent jumps backward as another boy steps in to take his place. This is repeated again and again, accompanied by spoken, rhythmic sounds: he he *hi*, hehe he *hi*, and the whole game is very fast and vigorous, requiring great practice and co-ordination, as the body movements, which often include the slapping of the elbows against the ribs, are sometimes at counterpoint to the spoken rhythm.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

857 526 535 The game represents ostriches, perhaps ostriches fighting or mating.

The game was intoxicating. The boys danced so fast, so perfectly, and made their rhythm so vigorous and free, that Gai, who had been sitting quietly listening to Ukwane, could stand it no longer. Throwing his great cape around himself, he suddenly leaped to his feet and sprang among the little boys, scattering them like a hawk among sparrows, towering over their heads as he began to dance. He stamped, bent, straightened, and swung his long leg over the little boys' backs, dancing with far more abandon, not as precisely as they, but madly; he took our breath away.

He wore his great kaross backward, flung across his chest, and when he stood still waiting for his turn to leap forward and crouch he was as motionless and dignified as a tribune standing, and when he danced the great wings of his kaross swung like the cape of a bullfighter, masculine, open, and free. He was a wonderful sight, and the old people watching him smiled, and the little boys dancing under his long legs and under the wings of his cape looked up at him and laughed with pleasure because he was playing their game.

Gai was a man of great dignity and for him the dance was not altogether a success, for when the young boys tried to swing their legs over his back they generally kicked him in the rear or in the face. Soon he tired of it and came back to the fire to sit by Ukwane, but he was too excited to stay 524 593 533 quiet long and in a moment he tore off his cape and, calling Ukwane and his oldest son, he began another rhythmic game, called "Kaross." This is played by several men or boys who rub the kaross between their hands in the way that they rub it to soften or cure it, only they rub more vigorously and accompany themselves with several very rhythmic, very gay, fast songs, sung in falsetto, to imitate the falsetto singing of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

609 spearheads, tobacco and pipes, salt and candy and all the
123 water their containers would hold, all they could drink, and even enough water to wash in, for we had enough to take us to a waterhole a few hundred miles away where we could fill
[142] our drums. They did wash. Gai washed his whole body and emerged a shining gold. The others washed their arms and
[834] faces, modesty preventing their washing the rest, leaving them with golden arms and oval golden masks.

Tsetchwe was pleased with her presents—she hung her white beads in her hair and wrapped herself in the blanket, which, she said, was far softer than leather and which would not get stiff in the rain—but she did not seem happy. She spent the evening sitting beside me, for though we could not talk much with each other I knew that she liked me. "I will cry when you are gone," she said.

576 The two horses, formed by the six young boys, came pranc-
526 ing by, the riders riding loosely, the front feet of the horses galloping but the hind feet, because of the heavy load, trotting up and down. One horse disintegrated in front of us and the young boys who had formed it came forward slowly. The rider, a young boy from Okwa, seemed to want to ask me something. He was very shy, but finally he mustered his courage. "Are you a woman?" he said.

576 Ordinarily, he would have been too polite to ask a personal question, something which Bushmen almost never do because to them asking questions implies distrust, but it may be that on the day before our departure he had found his curiosity impossible to resist. Tsetchwe frowned at him, but I said: "Yes, I am."

The horse had been arguing with the rider, and the two boys who had been the front and hind legs seemed quite triumphant. "We told you so," one said.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

123 When I got up to go they got up too and Twikwe shook my hand and kissed me [526] with a great smack, doing at this moment what she had seen Europeans do, not what Bushmen do, for they just wave calmly at each other, if that. But Tsetchwe turned her back to me and would not say good-by. Even among her own people she was lonely, for in her band there was no young woman but herself.

We climbed into our trucks and started the motors. Ukwane called out to us with great sincerity to wish us rain on our journey, a very generous wish, for though his people might suffer from it, it would cool the air and we might even be able to collect enough for a drink. We thanked him, of course, and he repeated his wish again. The trucks started to move and when they did Tsetchwe waved at last, and, lifting her baby to her hip, she waved his hand too, and so we left, and drove away in the direction opposite the one we had come from, over the plains, flatter and wider and longer here than we had ever seen, sloping miles and miles away to tiny trees on the horizon which were farther away than anything we had ever seen before except distant mountains, the earth from a plane, or stars. At noon, many miles from Ai a ha'o, we saw great herds of game, thousands of animals grazing together, and we regretted that the Bushmen were not near the game, or the game not near the Bushmen, for the people could have been feasting, and then we passed through the game into empty plains again, where we saw nothing but grass except once when we saw a plant very like a tumbleweed which leaped over the ground and then was caught by the wind and lifted higher and higher into the sky up against the clouds. It made us sad to see it flying there, the only moving thing in all the country. "It is the plane to America," the interpreter said.

In the evening when we camped, the sun set into a little

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

them with his moods and when he stopped playing and they went away, they, too, were brooding.

Many young people had come to Nama, and together they made Nama very gay. The boys played a game with wands, throwing the wands at a hummock of ground and watching them bounce off and sail into the grass on the other side, the nearest that Bushmen come to a competitive game, for the young boys like to see whose wand goes the farthest.

The girls played a singing game with a melon. They would stand in a row that formed a half-circle dancing in place while the girl at one end would spring into the middle of the circle and toss a melon to the girl next to her in line. The game is accompanied by a rapid, intricate song of several parts sung in falsetto voices, as pretty to hear as the game is pretty to see, for the girls dance with their arms and heads as well as with their feet, like the dancers of Bali.

At that time there were only two adolescent unmarried girls at Nama. One of these was Beautiful Ungka, the other was her cousin, and they both lived with the cousin's parents at one of the werfs of the people from Gam. They were both extremely beautiful and they were lilies of the field. Since they were their parents' only children, they had no younger brothers or sisters to mind, and did nothing at all from one day to the next but adorn and amuse themselves, and this they did together, for they were the best of friends. They were straight and slender, with pale-gold skin not yet darkened and weathered by the sun of the veld, and they had flat bellies and high, small breasts. Beautiful Ungka had nipples like knobs, rounded like balls. Both girls wore ornamented aprons, soft leather capes—the best that there is. Many bead ornaments hung from their hair and swung when they walked, and almost hid their handsome faces.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

Those were two willful girls, too beautiful, too proud, too much admired, but the young boys couldn't do enough for them. It was one of their admirers who cleared the grass for the werf that the cousin's parents were building, and though the two girls teased and ridiculed the boy all the while, snickering contemptuously at him from behind their swinging beads, he worked on happily until not a blade of grass remained.

But Beautiful Ungka and her cousin were not as sophisticated as they thought they were, really, for when they would hear the music of the melon game they would abandon their poise and decorum to run for the sound, arms waving, ornaments and clothing streaming out behind, and when they found the game they had been hearing they would jump into the middle of it and play with abandon, singing loudly and dancing fast for fun. Also, Beautiful Ungka could spit through her teeth like a man. She could draw back her head and spit ten feet and she did this often, smiling scornfully, an astonishing accomplishment for such a handsome girl. Her cousin used to try it too; she could spit a little way but not nearly as far as Beautiful Ungka.

After all, they were only sixteen. There is a Bushman mood song with these words:

I am tired and old and without people,
I wish I could marry a young girl.

There were so many great fires around Nama that the sky was dark with their smoke, and when the sun rose in the morning, one day shortly after we had got there, we could not even see it until it was far above the horizon and then it appeared red and enormous, murky. In the west two new fires had sprung up, perhaps lit by Bushmen to show where they were

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX10

535 which the performers imitated all the actions and droll grimaces of
825 rival baboons, springing, gambolling, and running upon all fours, chattering and grimacing like a troop of excited simiadae. Another, and one which also appeared a favourite amongst them, was the *'Kloo-rou-o*, or Frog dance, in which they squatted, and leaped, and rolled about like a lot of inebriated batrachians. A third of this kind was the *t'Oi*, or Bee dance, when the company transformed themselves into a swarm of bees, and performed their evolutions with a buzzing chorus. "On special occasions," Stow continues, "they held a general masquerade, when each one took the disguise or head-dress of some particular bird or animal, and upheld the character during the performance. This appears to have been considered one of their grand national dances, and was reserved for their high festivals; it was one which even their greatest artists delighted to depict, and probably it had some hidden meaning known to the initiated."[1] It is not unlikely, as Stow suggests, that such dances were also of a ritual character, but of their function and relation to the social life generally hardly anything is known.

526 Games are often played in the evenings too, by grown-up people
535 of both sexes as well as by children.[2] A favourite game of the women, found among the Southern Bushmen, as well as in the north, is a ball game which is almost a dance. The players stand in a line
[533] clapping their hands and singing a wordless tune. One of them dances about opposite the others with a melon or round tuber in her hand. At the end of the tune she throws the ball to the player at the right hand of the line, who dances out to catch it, and herself dances back to the left end, where she joins in the singing and clapping. The next player does the same, and so the game goes on till all have had several turns. Sometimes, again, they play at the capture of
524 brides by young men, as among the Naron, or at games based on
536 animal experiences, as among the Heikum. One of the latter, for instance, represents how a white monkey was once seen by a woman who ran home and told the others. "The part of the monkey is taken by a woman who stands with her hands covering the sides of her face, leaving only a small opening for peeping through. She sways her head from side to side. The other women form up in a row opposite to her. One goes forward to look at the monkey, gazes at it intently and, when the latter starts moving its head from side to

[1] Op. cit., 117–18.
[2] Stow, op. cit., 97–102; Kaufmann, op. cit., 149–50; D. F. Bleek, op. cit., 18–21; Fourie op. cit., 97–8.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX10

side, beckons and calls to the others to come and see the wonderful thing. This they do one by one, each in turn beckoning to the others to come and see."[1] 524 536

Men's games have mostly a competitive character. In one each player has a thin stick, which he flings forcibly on to the ground in such a manner as to make it rise into the air and shoot away from him. Each strives to make his stick go farthest. In another a thin short stick, with two or three feathers tied to its upper end and weighted at the lower end by means of a large berry or bean, is flung into the air and kept going by catching it on a stick in its descent and flinging it up again. In others, again, a small melon or some similar object is put up as a target at which, from a certain distance, the men shoot with their arrows or throw their spears, the successful marksman receiving some food or tobacco as a prize. Still another, described by some of the older writers on the Cape Bushmen under the name of "Bushman cards", is played with a stone or small piece of wood. The man who has the bit of wood rapidly changes it from one hand to the other, so as to bewilder his companions, and finally asks one of them to guess in which hand it is concealed. If the guess is wrong the player sings out, "You eat the dog, I eat the meat," but if the guess is correct he says, "I eat the dog, you eat the meat," and hands the wood over to his companion. The players, it is said, will sometimes keep up this game for hours at their evening fire. 526 524

Children's games among the Naron and Auen, again, have such motives as a snake lying in wait for and capturing its prey at a waterhole, a struggle for the ownership of cattle, a man bartering goods from a trader, cock ostriches fighting with elephants who have come to drink at a waterhole, and a fight between two opposing groups, who pretend to shoot each other. In the first of these, one boy is the water snake. "He crouches on knees and elbows close to a small heap of sand which represents the pool. Some ten yards off the other players sit flat on the ground, close behind one another; each one putting her legs on either side of the one before her, and locking her feet over the other's thighs, forming a chain with the biggest in front. They sway from side to side edging forwards as they go, meanwhile singing an old song of which some of the words are no longer understood ... Now and then they interrupt their slow progress to dig up and eat in dumb show an imaginary water root. On reaching the 'pool', the chain breaks up, all gather round the water 524 857

[1] Fourie, loc. cit.